When I Was a Boy in Palestine

MOUSA J. KALEEL

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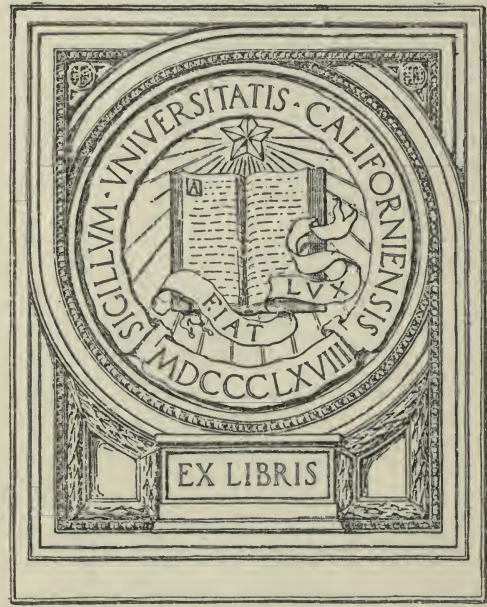

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WHEN I WAS A BOY IN PALESTINE

BY

MOUSA J. KALEEL

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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When I Was a Boy in Palestine

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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TO MY PARENTS

Jirius and Miriam Abu-Kaleel

428169

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

We have a great deal of interest in the personality behind each one of the "Children of Other Lands Books," but never more than in that of the stalwart young man who has placed in our hands this straightforward account of his boyhood in the Holy Land.

Mousa J. Kaleel was born at Ram Allah, ten miles from Jerusalem, a little more than twenty years ago. An older brother, Jacob, had received and much appreciated some instruction in an English school, and when Professor Elihu Grant, now of Smith College, opened an American training school in his native village, Jacob interceded for his younger brothers until he secured admission for Mousa.

Professor Grant's experiences were extremely interesting. He found his stu-

dents quick at learning the Bible, which was written near their homes and was their country's literature. He taught them the dignity of labor, and to have respect for useful knowledge and its exercise in any worthy form. The boys proved responsive to moral training, and organized a society under an Arabic name that meant the "Against-Things-Harmful Society." They had to discipline one another in a form of student government, and worked off many rough edges in matters of conduct and character.

After this Jacob came to the United States, and found means with which to send for his ambitious brother. Mousa was placed in a preparatory school and taught to earn money for self-support. He later entered Haverford College, where he proved himself a good student, besides entering zealously into the activities of college. He played a good game of football, and was the strongest man there.

Hard study in a language not originally

his own, however, told upon his eyesight, and it was felt best that temporarily, at least, he should engage in business. He is of the type that America can absorb with profit, and will be heard from.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY.

BOSTON, February, 1914.

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WHEN I WAS A BOY IN PALESTINE

CHAPTER I

MY BOYHOOD

It is not so very long since I was a boy in Palestine. I was born in Ram Allah, Palestine, in the year 1892. I left my home country at the age of sixteen to come to the United States. You can easily see, therefore, that I spent only my boyhood in this old-world land.

My birth was welcome news to my father, and the woman who told it received as reward a large silver coin. In most Oriental countries, particularly in Palestine, a boy is always prized more than a girl; and the minute the boy-baby is born, a mad scramble is started by the women

attendants to reach the father first and thus win the prize money. The natural division of the people into clans causes this desire for boy children. Boys grow into men, who not only strengthen the tribe, but also increase the earning capacity of the family; while girls marry after attaining maturity, and become members of their husbands' tribes and families. Arab chiefs in the past have been known to bury their baby daughters alive at birth, fearing that in the future they might be captured by the enemy, and thus their fathers be disgraced. Although this relic of savagery has long been abolished, to this day a father who has only female children is considered, by himself and others, a most unfortunate man.

After hearing the news of my birth, my father had to furnish refreshments to all who were present. The men guests were served the usual coffee, while women and children were given candy and cucumbers, the latter being in season at the time.

RAM ALLAH.

Where Mousa Kaleel was born. One of the most typical Christian-Syrian villages, where traditional tribal and family life, dress, industries, songs, amusements, and all customs make the scenes of the Bible a living reality.

No doctor attends the birth of a baby in Palestine. A nurse, usually a very old and experienced woman, is called, and she takes full command. Her absolute control continues until the mother is well enough to have the care of her child, and woe befall the poor individual who tries to pass a suggestion or make a comment while the nurse is performing her duty! No powder, but red soil, and often salt, is used on the baby. If, upon arrival, the baby is weak and inactive, its nose is rubbed with a strong onion, and the sneeze of life usually responds. My grandmother used to say that I would never have lived, if it had not been for the quickening perfumes of the onion.

When I was strong enough for it, I was baptized. This was done, according to custom, by immersing me three successive times in cold water prepared with oil and blessed by the priest. I was not drowned, so the priest delivered me to my godfather, whose duty it was to watch over

me while a boy and guard my spiritual life, and, when I became a man, to induce me to join the church of my baptism, thus giving back to the church the charge received from it.

Baptism is a time for celebration. It was then I became a distinct individual with a name. They called me "Mousa," which means "saved from the bulrushes." The practice of using Biblical names is very common among the Christians in Palestine. In many cases the name of a boy suggests the name of a newly born brother. I know of a family where all of Christ's twelve disciples, with the exception of Judas, are represented in name. This is due to the common belief that these saints will watch over their namesakes.

The celebrations consisted, as most of our celebrations do, in eating and singing, or rather shouting, the men enjoying the former and the women reveling in the latter. Both, however, joined in making gifts, which consisted mostly of hand-made

baby clothes. This was my only celebration and the last sign of my popularity. Henceforth I was either a noisy baby or a mischievous child.

As a baby, that is, during the years before I started going to school, I had many playthings. There was a large, nicely painted, hollow rubber ball, which I valued greatly because it came from Jerusalem. Then I had a little pistol, a home-made reed whistle, and marbles. My most valued plaything was a horse I tried to make of wood and clay, which never was strong enough for my weight. Another thing I enjoyed was the hammock-like swing. When I cried, my mother swung me in it to dizziness and sleep, which naturally made me stop crying. This swinging is usually the cure for crying, but I often cried to get it. My first recollection is of a lullaby song which my mother used to sing to me. Among other things the song contained a simile likening my eyes to those of a gazelle. I had never seen

a gazelle, but I did see a horse with large, clear eyes, so, not wishing to take a chance on the brightness of the unknown, I made my mother substitute the horse for the gazelle.

Another early recollection is being stung by a scorpion. I was playing building a house, when the poisonous thing bit me on the toe. The pain was terrible. My father wanted to take me to a doctor, but my old grandmother scoffed at the idea. She brought a ring which had magic in it, and placed it on the painful toe. I could tell by the moving of her lips that she was repeating some sayings, and in a short time the pain stopped.

My first trial was great. I had a baby brother, and he usurped my playthings, one by one. He began with the most dear, the swing, and later on he took the rest. I was not as dejected as you might think, for I had already begun to find interesting things outside the house and in the garden. I had grown to an appreciation of punish-

ment, and had to do my dodging to keep away from school. I was not very successful, however, for I had an older brother who was faithful to his task of seeing me go through the trials and tribulations that he had had to go through when he was young. He was ten years older than I, and there was no feeling of comradeship between us, so I bitterly resented his seemingly uncalled-for diligence.

CHAPTER II

BOYS AND GIRLS AT HOME

"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth;
That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."
— *Psalms,* cxliv: 12.

THIS is an old, old saying, but it still describes the ideal child of Palestine. The period of boyhood or girlhood is shorter in Palestine than in the United States, but often merry. Children are the rulers of most houses in the country villages. If they are well, they run in and out in all kinds of weather, barefooted and bareheaded. If they are not well, not overmuch attention is paid to them at first, except to bring them dainties to eat. If the illness turns out to be genuine, however, all the medical help within reach is sum-

moned, but if, as usually happens to be the case, dread of the schoolmaster's stick is at the bottom, they soon recover when their mothers take them to school and make matters all right with the teacher.

The poorer children are seldom bothered with more than one garment, except sometimes a skull-cap. If the parents can afford it, they provide a little cloth cap embroidered with colored silk and with a few bangles of blue beads sewed on the front. The beads serve the purpose of protecting the child against what is called the "Ayen," or eye. The tradition is that God will take the choicest boys, especially if they are admired by onlookers, so the blue beads are provided to counteract any wicked looks the child may encounter. To protect the child against evil spirits, his guardians provide him with a small leather purse that has some texts from the Bible or the Koran, as the case may be, written on it. As the boy grows older, he may be given a jacket to wear over the

little shirt. The girls have a little shawl to wrap around their shoulders and a row of coins on their head-dresses.

When very little, boys and girls play together in the streets and around the ovens, sometimes even on roofs. By the time they are six, however, they separate and play with their own kind and choose different games. The boys become wild in their play, while the girls begin to help around the home.

Here is an impression of the children in Palestine, given by an early traveller.

"From earliest infancy they are brought up in utter ignorance; they are never children; the merry laughter and sports of European childhood are here quite unknown. At three years they are little men and women with wonderful aplomb. Tiny tots scarcely able to toddle may be seen gathering khobbayzeh (wild mallows) for the evening meal, and, when they have filled the skirts of their one wee

COUSINS ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

The twisted cloth girdle and the long tunic are often worn by both men and women, the sleeves only being cut differently. The little girl has already begun to wear the feminine head-dress of coins mentioned on page 20.

garment, will trot home as sedately as though the cares of life were already pressing heavily on their shoulders. I have seldom in this country heard a genuine laugh from man, woman, or child; the great struggle for existence seems to have crushed all but fictitious mirth.

"The fellaheen boys — very rarely the girls — take charge of the flocks and herds till they are old enough to consider themselves men; thus exposed to all weathers they are as hardy as their charge, but if one is attacked by sickness, one is as little cared for as the other, and chronic coughs, fevers, rheumatism, and ophthalmia are the consequent results." Further on he concludes:

"The fellaheen (peasants) are all in all the worst type of humanity that I have come across in the East." Or in other words, the world.

I am almost tempted to charge the writer of the passage with writing for dramatic

effect, but I will not. He may be sincere. A tourist who sees one child doing a certain thing concludes that all children in Palestine do likewise. It is not an uncommon thing, however, to find a whole family ruled by the whims of a little child, and loving fathers cannot stand against the crying of their children. So tender are they in their love that they often do even ridiculous things to please their children, such as letting them ride on their backs. A traveller through Palestine may see a tiny girl helping her mother in her play by gathering greens, or a boy living with his father's flocks when they go up in the mountains for the summer. It is a case of preference and enjoyment rather than of slavish labor. As for the peasants being the worst people in the East, the writer of the passage may have had some personal experience with a band of brigands. Later on in his work he fears that his sketch "will seem over-colored," and cites, as an added proof of the depravity

of the people, an incident of being abused in " the most scurrilous language " by the children!

Boys in Palestine, I must admit, are fighters, and are taught by their parents to fight. This is justified by the internal conditions of the country, caused by a very slack and weak government. The boy must grow into a man who has a good aim with his gun, and who can hurl a stone a great distance with accuracy. It is a semi-primitive land, and men have to live accordingly to get along in it. The people are good at heart and often blessed with the keenest brains in the world; all they need is some gentle leadership that will be willing to come down to their ranks, even below, if need be, and lift them up gradually. It is natural that they should resent any " Khawaja " (an upper-class foreigner) trying to make a curiosity of them, continually shooting at them with clicking cameras, and asking insolent and prying questions about their sanctuaries. Many

of the tourists who visit Palestine do so from a desire to study the religious customs of the people from a scientific point of view, and they thoughtlessly offend the people by apparently making light of what are very sacred things. The lowliest peasant in Palestine is vain, and the tiniest boy can throw a stone. With these as acknowledged facts let the missionary and investigator work.

The children spend wintry evenings listening to tales, usually by the grandmother, but sometimes by the mother. The stories are mostly all like the "Arabian Nights." The success of the story does not always depend upon thrilling events, but a great deal upon the method of the story-teller. A well-told story is punctuated with wishes and exclamations. It is begun by wishing the well-being of the hearers and the home. When a death is related, the teller prays God to preserve her hearers from death, and when the hero attains happiness, she wishes happiness

for her listeners. Often, to collect his thoughts, the story-teller begins a digression by saying, "May peace remain with you," continuing to gain time by adding other good things, "and health and strength and wealth," etc.

Thus are the happy evenings spent in winter around a great fireplace filled with crackling, oily olive logs. If it rains hard, and the wind blows fiercely, the children chant a little juvenile song, beginning thus:

"Umtree wazadee Baitna adeedee."

It is addressed to nature, and means, "Rain and increase, our house is made of iron."

Those who do not farm usually say, "Umtree ala ayn Khazzan kumheh," which means "Rain to the spite of him who stores his grain (wheat)."

This is a sort of vindictive expression against the man who hoards his grain, anticipating a scarcity of rain, which is sure to cause higher prices. It shows that

human nature is the same the world over, and that " corners " in wheat are not any more popular in Palestine than in the United States.

The following story is sometimes told to boys to check their foolhardiness and warn them against foolish pride, and to induce obedience to fathers:

A young tiger who had heard about the ability of men, though he had never seen a man, felt so eager in his strength to have a combat that he told his father he wanted to go out and find a man and have a fight with him. The father tiger, advising against such an undertaking, said:

" Even I, who am older and stronger than you, should not think of seeking a fight with a man, for I cannot prevail against him."

But the young, proud tiger, not heeding his father's advice, went to seek a man. He journeyed until he came to a road much frequented by travellers, and lay down under a tree to await the foe. While wait-

ing there, he saw a camel running down the road, although loaded heavily. The camel was running away from his master. The young, inexperienced tiger got up, and said to the camel:

"Are you a man?"

"I am not a man, but am running away from one, because he loads such heavy burdens on me," replied the camel.

The young tiger thought to himself: "How strong must the man be if he causes so much distress and fear in this great creature."

Next passed a horse, and the tiger thought, "Maybe this is the man," but received a negative reply to his question as he had from the camel. Then came along a weak little donkey, loaded with wood and driven by a man. The tiger asked his question of the man:

"Are you a man?"

"Yes," the man answered.

Then the tiger said, "I have come to have a fight with you."

"All right," said the man, "but I am not quite ready now. May I tie you with my rope to the tree until I come back?"

The tiger allowed the man to tie him, which the man did very securely. Then he cut a strong, thick club from the tree, and began to beat the tiger with it.

"Oh, please let me go!" the tiger cried out in pain. "I'll never try to fight with a man again."

So the man let him go, and the young tiger went to his father and told his experience.

CHAPTER III

MY GAMES AND PLAYTHINGS

The thing that I wanted to own after I began to go out-doors was a sling, "mikla," for throwing stones. It consists of a woven, palm-like receptacle into which the stone is put. To both ends of this are attached strong cords, and in the end of one of the cords is a loop large enough to slip over a finger. First the boy puts a stone into the "pan" of the sling, and then slips his finger into the loop. Grasping both cords in his hands, he swings the "mikla" violently over his head, just as they throw the hammer in athletic meets in this country. Then he lets one cord loose, and away goes the stone, whizzing like a bullet. By practice

a true aim may be developed. You probably remember that David killed Goliath with one of these slings.

Another one of our pastimes was a game played with pegs of wood very much like the American game "Peggy," in which one strikes a double-pointed peg on one end with a stick, and tries to gain ground over an opponent. A similar game is played upon a soft, spongy spot of ground with longer pegs sharpened on one end only. It is something like "Stick-knife." The object is to drive the peg by a throw into the soft space in the ground in such a way as to dislodge an opponent's pegs, previously thrown, and to make your peg stick in the same place. When this is done, a peg is gained. The boys hoard these pegs to help with the cooking of "Barbara," the principal dish served at the feast of Saint Barbara, and named, as you see, in her honor. It is plain boiled wheat sweetened with sugar and mixed with pomegranate seeds. This feast is the first one

after Christmas, and it helps to make the winter enjoyable.

The game most enjoyed by us boys was "Alam," which is very similar to the American game of "Roll the bat." The boys divide into two even teams. A flip of the coin decides who shall take the field and who shall bat. When the two sides have taken their places, the first player at the bat sets up a stone marker (alam). He starts the play by saying, "Hadoor," which means "ready," and then begins batting the ball in a series of different ways, — first overhand, then underhand, now facing his opponents, now turning his back to them. The last of the series is the one I best remember. In it the player drops the ball and kicks it. The team that takes the field scatters to various points of vantage. If the ball is caught "on the fly," the batter is out, otherwise the first boy to get the ball takes aim at the stone marker, saying "Dustur" ("By your leave"), and makes the throw, trying to

upset the stone. If he succeeds, the batter is out, and his side takes the field. This is continued until one team runs up the whole series, and so is victorious.

Another lively game we played was "Deeb," or "Wolf." First we formed a circle by joining hands, and played we were the sheep. Then we danced round and round while one boy outside the circle, who called himself "wolf," kept trying to snatch one of the sheep. Whenever a boy in the dancing circle came anywhere near the hovering wolf, he let fly his heels, like a mule, to prevent capture. As sheep after sheep was snatched successfully by the wolf, the circle grew smaller, until but one was left, who had to be the wolf of the next game.

For our most common playgrounds we had the threshing-floors, and often the vineyards and gardens. We played many games of other countries, such as marbles, "Duck-on-the-rock," "See-saw," swinging, "Blindman's Buff," "Leap-frog,"

SYRIAN BLINDMAN'S BUFF.
The players call it "Jacob and Rachel."

and "Hide-and-seek." A variation of the last named was "Khurrak." For this game the whole town and surrounding country was our field. The boys were divided into two teams. One team promised to remain at a certain place, usually a door, which would be the goal. The other team went off to hide. When a stated time was up, the guarding team divided itself into parties to look for the other team. The object was to get to the goal without being seen by the guarding team. We usually played the game in the dark, and we did a great deal of running.

One of the games we used to play in the vineyards was to take a cap and hide it under some rock, and then go looking for it. We also used to fly kites. Another game we played often was what we called "Germany." The boys divided into two teams, each taking the end of a rectangular field like a football field. Each team lined up in the middle of the opposite ends of the field. Ten yards from each end was

an imaginary line known as the captives' line. When they were ready to play, one boy would run in the direction of his opponents, until he came near the captives' line. Then he was pursued. If he was overtaken and touched, he became a prisoner; if not, one of his side chased his pursuer back. This play was kept up until all of one team were captured.

Some of the modern games, such as football, are played as they are played in England, and the boys of Palestine, who possess a very keen sense of rivalry and competition, are becoming proficient players even at these foreign games. Many times a team of picked Englishmen is forced to taste defeat at the hands of a native team in such games as cricket and football.

CHAPTER IV

MY HOME, AND THE CUSTOMS I KNEW

Houses in Palestine are usually built entirely of square stones. These houses are from seven to twelve meters (nine to fourteen yards) square, and generally of the same height. In other words, they are perfect cubes. A house is divided inside into two apartments, a lower and an upper one; in the lower one the chickens and other pets of the family stay, in the upper one live the people. The door is large, and is bordered by the most massive of the stones; the long one over the door extends even further than from one side of the door to the other. Each house has from one to three windows. These are very much like the door, only a little smaller. They have strong iron bars across them to keep out burglars, but

these bars are rather far apart, so that many times when I have found the door closed, I have gone through the window. The most conspicuous piece of furniture in the house is the van, a large store-box made out of hardened clay. In it may be found the provisions of the family, for the most part grain and dried fruits, such as figs and raisins. In one of the corners of the apartment is a large jar for drinking-water with a cover and a dipper, — all made of the same material, baked clay. The people take much pride in these jars, and many fantastic and grotesque designs may be seen painted on them. In another corner of the house is another jar of the same size as the water jar, but older-looking and a bit heavier. In this the olive oil is stored.

The rest of the furniture consists of a large mat on the floor and many mattresses and quilts that are neatly folded and placed on boxes. Near these is the mill, a simple contrivance for grinding

A Village Oven.

In a little stone hut by itself, and used in common by several families. The women wait their turn to bake, sewing and gossiping, meanwhile. A public oven is thus a constant news bureau.

wheat. It is made of two flat, circular stones with a hole in the center of the top one. This hole fits over an iron bar which is fixed in the lower stone, and which serves as the axis for the grinding. The sound of the grinding is very weird and serves as an accompaniment to the singing of the women grinders. Grinding is quite an institution, and may be heard as early as four o'clock in the morning. It is while grinding that the women mourn their dead, or other past troubles, or sing of future hopes and successes. These songs are inspiring to both men and women, but to boys and girls they have a soothing effect, and the monotonous constancy of the sound drowns all the world with its noises, and promotes peaceful and prolonged sleep.

In a two-room house, one room serves as the kitchen and the women's apartment, and the other as the place for entertainment, where the men sit, eat, and chat together. It is in this room that the cere-

mony of drinking coffee is held. The men sit cross-legged upon the floor, while the owner of the house and his wife prepare the coffee. This is usually the method in the presence of guests. They roast green coffee berries in a long-handled iron ladle over coals burning in a clay brazier. Then they put the roasted berries into a wooden mortar, and pound them with a long stick that resembles a baseball bat. The man who does the pounding must have, besides the manual skill, a fine sense of music. He usually makes tunes resembling those obtainable from a drum.

The odor of the coffee is very pleasant. When the man has ground it quite fine, his wife puts it in a tin pot with a long handle. Wealthy families generally use pots of brass. The coffee is allowed to cook over the brazier until it boils up in the pot several times, before it is ready to be served. It is not strained.

Coffee is served in tiny cups ("finjan"), of which there are usually no more

than two in the family. The cups have no handles, and are not washed after each man drinks. Sugar is not commonly used, except for boys, cream or milk never. The order of serving is to begin with the oldest man in the company and so on down to the youngest, and then the host. This order is adhered to most rigidly. After coffee comes good-natured talk on general matters that savor of comfort and good-will. There is a tradition that a full cup of coffee is a sign of enmity, so the cups are not filled, and a small pot is enough for a surprising number. The coffee, however, is the most delicious of beverages, and the usual noisy sip with which it is drawn into the mouth is a sign of the drinker's satisfaction with the quality. So you see that coffee-drinking for the men serves the same purpose that grinding does for women. It gives them a very enviable poise.

When eating, most of the country people sit in a squatting posture on the floor

around a common dish, which is usually very large and carved out of a log. Hands and spoon are both used. If the meal is eaten out-of-doors, passers-by are usually invited. It never happens that anybody present with the family at meal-time does not partake of the meal. In fact, he is almost forced to eat, and a refusal on his part is taken as a sign of coolness toward the family.

The first meal of the day is a light one, and is not eaten until the middle of the forenoon. It is very informal, and each member may eat whenever he or she is ready. Olives, olive oil, preserved fruits, and bread make up the breakfast of most families. In season, however, grapes and figs, with the sparkling dew still on them, are served daily. Fresh grapes may be had at all hours of the day for the picking, as the vineyards are seldom far away. Each family owns its vineyard, and most families own orchards of fig and other fruit trees. The second meal is served

at noon or a little after, but the evening meal is the heartiest, because there is usually something cooked. Meat is a luxury seldom enjoyed, proving that it is not essential.

Early in the morning the head of the family and the other male members go to work. The women do the household work, while the children do the "running" for the family. By this I mean running errands and doing other light work, such as carrying food to men working at a distance. In the summer time, after harvesting and storing the grain, the vineyard season begins. The children spend most of their time in the vineyards, sleeping at night in little booths on top of the guard-houses. Many times I have slept under the blue sky, which is much more beautiful in Palestine than any sky elsewhere, because it is clearer and seems to have more stars. One can watch them moving. There are old men who, even though illiterate, can tell the time of night

very closely by watching the positions of the stars, and who can call many of them by name. In the morning we used to find the bed-clothing soaked with dew. The grapes, of course, are all the more delicious when covered with dew, and many times when I woke in the morning did I reach after them.

The children spend the day playing games and eating grapes, and where there are fig trees, they set little traps for birds. These traps are very simple. First they bore a hole about five inches from one end of a stick; then they make the stick firm, tying it to a branch, while through the hole they pass a loop of string, tying one end of it to a bent bough. Finally they put a small twig whittled like a pencil into the hole, securely enough to hold the string which is looped over it, but not enough to stand any weight. On the top end of this whittled stick they place an open red fig, which is usually an irresistible attraction for birds. The bird wants the fig, and as

THE BOY'S DAY FOR A BATH.

The Oriental does not like to remain in a tub of water, and so water is poured over the sitting bather. Water is so scarce that bathing is an expensive luxury.

all the other near-by twigs have been cut away, there is no other place on which to stand except the prepared twig. The bird's weight pushes down the twig, and the loop attached to the bent bough encircles its tiny feet. As many as five birds may be caught in one trap in a day.

Having no pictures or books, we boys had to do something for a diversion from the rest of our games. Old folk, wanting something to do, stir up an argument, and talk. We followed their example. We started arguments, only instead of talking we acted. Many a time we gathered our forces, — all the boys in the neighboring vineyards, — and proceeded to make war against boys in other neighborhoods. Our arms were oak clubs, smooth and worn with use, a few picked stones, and a sling. Thus armed we attacked. Our first act was to start a disagreement by willfully trespassing, and taking grapes from their vineyards. They naturally resented our intrusion, and failing to get an excuse for

our action, combat would ensue. First came a hand-to-hand, or rather, a fist-to-face affair, which continued until one side began to get the better of it. Then some of the defeated side would draw off a little and begin throwing stones. Their sure aims soon would begin to tell, and the boys on the offensive would disperse, and take up stone-throwing, both with the hand and with the slings, thus covering their retreat and preventing annihilation. We fought with stones as you do with snowballs, and very seldom inflicted any more damage with our weapons.

One of the games we used to play in the heat of the day, when we naturally were more inclined to rest, was what we called "Missrameh." There could be any number of contestants. The loose soil was smoothed and a circle marked on it, varying in size with the number of those wishing to play, then holes about four inches in diameter were dug in the circle. These were divided evenly among the players,

not less, however, than three holes to each. To begin with, seven grapes were placed in each hole. The game started by a player taking all the grapes out of one of the holes, and putting one grape each in the other holes successively. Whenever the last grape was placed where there were an even number of grapes below seven, he took them as his gain. This was done until all players but one were out of grapes. This one, of course, is winner. The game, except that it encourages mental calculation, seems a dull one, and I fail to understand how we could play it for hours. Sometimes we broke up in a fight when some one was caught at crooked dealing.

The boys dread winters in Palestine, short as they are, for then they have to go to school. This is the only drawback to winter, however, because it is as short as may be reasonably expected. " First rain " falls in the middle of November, but the " wet " season does not really begin until near Christmas, and continues until

March. Rain falls only occasionally, and many pleasant sunny days are enjoyed, even in January. Roughly speaking we have about twenty-five inches of rainfall a season. In some seasons we have a few inches of snow. The boys take advantage of this by going up on house-tops and testing the accuracy of their aims with snowballs. Although short-lived, for the sun melts the snow in a few hours, it is great sport.

The rest of the year, that is, from March to November, is summer, during which we have no rain, generally speaking. Some days of summer are hot, but the nights are all cool and refreshing. April and May are the most delightful months of the year and are well adapted for travelling and sightseeing. Everything is budding, and flowers are at their best. Harvest begins with spring, and then follows the fruit season. After the fruit season, or, rather, during the latter part of it, comes the time to gather in the olives.

Men climb the trees and beat the olives from the branches with long sticks, while women and children gather them off the ground. When it comes from the tree, the olive has a milky juice of a peculiar bitter flavor, so to make olives fit to eat, they pickle them in a strong solution of salt, in which they must remain for several months to take away the bitter taste. The best and ripest of the olives are picked to be treated with this solution for home use; the rest are taken to the press in order to extract the oil. The olives are first placed in a large, round stone receptacle with a flat bottom, on which runs a large stone roller. This roller has a double revolving motion; it turns upon its own axis and also around a central pivot. A mule usually does the turning. The crushed mass is then carried to the press in coarse baskets. There the juice is put in hot water. The oil comes to the surface, and the impurities are suspended in the water.

An olive tree is of much value, for it

takes from ten to fifteen years to bring it to a fruit-bearing state. Olive oil is much used in Palestine for cooking and lighting; sometimes it is used to dress wounds.

After having stored his crops, the peasant of Palestine is now ready for another winter.

CHAPTER V

AT SCHOOL IN PALESTINE

Like other Oriental countries, my home, Palestine, has remained intellectually stagnant for centuries. We Arabians pride ourselves on a great and glorious past, a rich literature, and a most beautiful language. But not more than ten per cent. of the men are able to read or write. There is no such blessing as the school systems that may be found in Western countries, more especially in the United States. The government in Mohammedan villages runs schools for the purpose of teaching the boys to read the Koran. The teacher is the "khatib," which means orator, who, besides his school duties, conducts prayer for the village, and acts as

care-taker of the mosques and other hallowed places. He writes all the contracts and letters of the village, in fact he does about everything but effective teaching. Christians never attend these schools.

The Church Missionary Society, an English organization, attends to the education of the Christians, and it has established small schools to be carried on under its care in most of the Christian places in Palestine. These schools have stimulated interest in learning among the boys.

In 1901 the Friends of New England opened a Boys' Training Home in Ram Allah, my native town. Mr. Elihu Grant (now Professor of Biblical Literature at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts) and his wife were the teachers for the first four years. I was one of the boys who entered at the beginning, and in 1906 I was graduated, one of a class of three.

Girls seldom have any schooling, and in 1838 it is recorded that my home town had only one school for boys, where five or six

CHUMS IN THE AMERICAN SCHOOL.
The teachers try to keep them in the attractive native costume, but the boys like to get into jackets and trousers.

boys were considered educated when they could read Arabic. To-day things are decidedly changed: all the different sects have schools, which are usually very jealous of one another, but they serve their purpose. There are now over ten schools in my home village of about five thousand inhabitants. Among them are two boarding-schools, one for boys, and the other for girls. This girls' school breaks all precedents, and is considered the finest of its kind in the country.

You see I was not in a position to escape schooling. I was taken to school for short periods when I was very young, but I never learned anything until after I was eight years old. Before that I did not go frequently enough, and when I did go, I paid no attention, and no attention was paid to me if I kept quiet. At the age of eight I became interested in the easy arithmetical problems, and I reported, unfortunately for myself, as you shall see later, daily improvements and changes of lessons to

my father. These changes meant progress, for the teacher never allowed a boy to pass over a lesson without first mastering what was supposed to be taught by it.

Let me first picture the school-room. We enter. One-half of the room is filled with long benches on which the boys are seated. The more advanced ones sit in the rear, because they are supposed to keep better order, and need not be in the immediate neighborhood of the teacher. One class is usually reciting. The boys stand in a semicircle round the teacher, with the brightest boys on one end and the dullest on the other. First one boy reads and is corrected, and then another. Those who know their lessons are allowed to sit down, while the others have to undergo punishment. Kneeling in the corner is considered getting out of it easily, for usually the teacher inflicts other penalties. He keeps a few small and pliant sticks with which he hits the erring boys on their hands. This method is usually measured by the num-

ber of mistakes made, — one mistake, one blow, and so on. Whenever the teacher wishes to make the punishment more severe and humiliating to the boy, he whips his bare feet instead of his hands. Often the teacher inflicts these punishments because of complaints by the mothers. Somebody has to do the punishing, and since most fathers are over-indulgent with their boys, the teachers have to be all the more stern on their part. This whipping is fast being done away with and more humane methods are used. Memories force me to drop the subject.

After reading come writing lessons. The boys go up to the teacher and watch him write models for them. They follow the elegance of his motions and try to imitate them, much to the disadvantage of the reed pens that squeak and break at the least pretext. Thus the teacher is kept busy; when not whetting his knife, he is sharpening pens for his imitators. Older boys learn to sharpen their own pens.

After the writing lesson they have a lesson in poetry. All the boys have to learn a few verses of poetry daily. This used to be my easiest lesson, for the whole school chanted the verses together, and all I had to do was to move my lips.

Our lessons consisted chiefly of parables and fables. Very few of us had books, and since most of us were blessed with strong memories, we escaped actually learning anything. I used to be able to recite most of the gospels by heart, but could not read them. One day there was to be a boarding-school opened for boys, and tests were being held. My father, thinking me the scholar of the family, took me for these tests, and to his surprise I could not read the plainest of passages. The examining teacher, who was dividing the aspirants into two classes, pushed me aside into the second class. But my father saved me. He protested at the teacher's action, saying that if they did not place me with the first class, they could not have me at all.

Boys who wanted to enter and pay the fees were rather scarce, so not having any alternative, the teacher placed me in the first class for a trial month.

Never till that time had I known that school and reading were anything but a foolish imposition on a boy's free nature. Now I was put to it, or rather, it was put to me to "make good," and I resolved to try my best because of my father. The first night found us having our try-outs to determine who was the strongest boy in school. This being established, we were ready for the school year. We began to learn not only Arabic, but English, not only reading, but also writing, and how to work problems in arithmethic. Grammar and many more arduous things followed. I happened to "make good," and stayed in the class, but it told on my strength, and from one of the strongest boys in school I fell down to seventh. This did not make any difference, however; I led my classes and at home I was the hero. It certainly

was a tactical mistake on my part to make such a reputation at the beginning, for I had to maintain the lead, or bear the shame which my father would have to share with me. In the tribal coffee-house it was a subject of continual conversation and argument. This was more vehement as each examination drew near, and everybody was praising his favorite.

Our games at school became organized, and we used to take long walks every afternoon after school. While passing through town, we had to march two by two, but out in the open we ran as we pleased. The red-letter day of our school year was picnic day. We started early in the morning for some spring out in the woods. We took all our food out with us and spent a most enjoyable day playing games. On these occasions we had many track contests, and we also spent some time swinging under the huge olive trees.

The longest of these trips was the one we took in my second year. We went to

"Ayn Fara" in the Wady Fara, a few hours' trip to the northwest of Jerusalem. Leaving Ram Allah as early as five o'clock, we proceeded eastward for about a mile. Here was the much smaller town of El Bereh, lying on the southeast side of a curve in the carriage road which leads south to Jerusalem, nine miles away, and north to Nablus, the Shecem of the Bible. From this town we could see Jerusalem. To our left, north of El Bereh, is a lofty mountain on which there is a high watch-tower commanding a large section of the neighboring country on all sides.

On the left side of the road toward the south we saw the pride of the village, — one of the finest and strongest water supplies for many miles around. A mosque is built on the site. We could see women and girls coming and going, carrying their water jars on their heads, and a little further in the same direction we caught a glimpse of the old Khan, or inn. This is the inn where Joseph and Mary missed

Christ on their homeward journey to Nazareth, and returned back to find him arguing with the learned Jewish elders. Everywhere we saw reservoirs, and other devices, and ruins of Bible times, and to the southeast rose Jebel Ettawil, the long mountain which barred our view of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea.

We continued toward the south along our road, which sloped downward gently but steadily. After walking a mile, we got to the ruins of Atara at the foot of Jebel Deborah. On the top of this mountain the prophetess Deborah sat and judged among the tribes of Israel.

Following the road for about three more miles, we took a road leading eastward. We were now between two villages: to our right was Er Ram, the Ramah of Samuel, another judge and prophet of Israel; to our left was a smaller village, Jeba, also of Bible fame. Here the road began to sound hollow under the donkey's feet; the sound was noticeable even under our own

A Palestine Woman's Morning Work.

This work begins as early as three or four o'clock. Water must be brought from cisterns for household use, and a jar weighs more than thirty pounds when filled.

tread. This may be accounted for by the fact that there are many underground caves, some of which may be entered by stairs cut in the stone. Undoubtedly these caves must have served either as dwellings or hiding-places to peoples of former times, for they are cemented and otherwise fitted for habitation.

After passing these villages, we found ourselves in a wilderness abounding with birds and flowers. The birds we saw were mostly large, many of them crows. Flowers of many colors bloomed everywhere; anemones and red poppies were especially numerous.

Following a steep incline which circled down the mountain-side, we reached the stream bed of Ayn Fara, and after a short walk, the fountain-head of the Ayn itself. Large volumes of water were gushing out of the rocks.

Mountains, high and steep, towered almost perpendicularly above us, shutting us from the rest of the world. We were in

the Valley of the Shadow of Death, alluded to in the twenty-third Psalm, and for a short time we were awed and almost scared by the resounding echoes. But soon we began fishing with pin-hooks in the only little pond in the valley. Some even went swimming in it.

After dinner we were ready to go on exploring parties. We climbed up the side of the only mountain climbable. After going up a little way we reached a cave that was unlike anything we ever saw before. It must have been one of the caves in which Saul cornered David, when he was trying to kill him. It is about sixty feet above the fountain in a cliff of limestone rock, and has several square chambers with many passages and vestibules. In front of the rooms is a narrow ledge commanding the path, and cut through this natural platform is a manhole, which is the only entrance to the cave, offering access to only one man at a time. When manned and provisioned properly, the cave must have

been impregnable in early-time warfare, and I cannot help but wander back to those times, and picture scenes of battle around the cave. This was not the only cave in the mountain, for all along up and down the valley we found caves of varying sizes and depths. Many of them are improved upon, probably for the purpose of the hermit-dwelling so prevalent in the early and middle ages of Christianity. This mountain is the place where God sent Elijah to dwell in the time of famine; here the crows brought him meat and food, and the fountain furnished him with water, while the famine lasted. It is an ideal place for such an experience.

Our journey homeward along the same road we had taken in the morning was much quieter than our coming, for we were tired, and besides, it was uphill, with nothing in sight but recitations, blackboards, books and the teacher's stick.

And so I passed my school-life in Palestine. Five years later my class gradu-

ated. There were eight in the class, but only three of us received diplomas, which shows the severity of examinations and requirements. The Spanish Consul, acting for the American Consul, who was absent from Jerusalem at the time, gave us our diplomas, amidst the most impressive of ceremonies.

The school from which I graduated was young and consequently without any recognition from the other schools. Graduates of the school had to "show the goods" and not their diplomas on application for entrance to a higher school. The English College of Jerusalem was stricter on this point than any other institution. My father, however, was induced to let me try the examinations to the college, and I passed. They were hard, and included several studies not taught at my old school, which I had to pick up to please my father, because failure now, after a fine record at the preparatory school, would be fatal to all my aspirations.

The college students were nearly all men, so the methods of teaching were different from what I had been accustomed to. We had several professors, but my favorite was the professor of Arabic, for I loved the Arabic language, and soon excelled in it. The method of teaching it was by concrete examples. As soon as the teacher entered the room, he made straight for the blackboard and wrote several stanzas of Arabic classical poetry. We were asked to analyze and parse it, telling the different functions of the words. This is extremely difficult, more so in the Arabic than in any other language. We started also to read a book, but never finished more than a few pages. Our teacher had so much to say upon each word and its construction, its history, and instances of its use, that the year passed on a few pages. This method is essential in order to get a working knowledge of classical Arabic, such as that in the Koran. At other times he took us out walking, reciting to us as

we went some of the most delightfully musical poetry in the world.

For other studies we had algebra, plane and solid geometry, with a general review of arithmetic. We studied mediæval and modern history, and physiology, the Bible, and school methods. For English we read Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," Irving's "Sketch Book," and Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar;" along with our reading we had a thorough review of grammar and syntax. I must admit that although I was supposed to have mastered these subjects, and got good marks to show it, I was left with almost no exact knowledge as a result of my long and laborious work. My knowledge of English was not of the kind to cope successfully with the older English literature, such as "Julius Cæsar," and in those trying times of examinations I had on many occasions to trust to my parrot-like, yet strong, memory. One year of such hard study, however, was enough for me; the constant application to books, many of

them in fine print, had almost ruined my eyes. I decided to come to America.

But I must go back in my story now, and tell about an important event of my school life, — a visit to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER VI

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM

It is surprising, almost shocking, to know how few of us visit famous places that are near to us, when other people come by the hundreds from thousands of miles away just to see these same places. If the old adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt," is true, then it is equally true that proximity breeds neglect. Many are the people of Palestine who have never seen the Dead Sea or the Jordan, nor visited Bethlehem, or even Jerusalem. And it was an event quite out of the usual course when early one morning we set out to visit Jerusalem and see the places we read of so much in the Bible.

For this journey carriages were hired, since there were no cars or trains, and it

was too far for young boys to walk. For the first half of our journey we went on the same road as to Ayn Fara, but we did not turn eastward as we did to go to Ayn Fara, but kept on going straight south to the Holy City.

The scenery along the way was pastoral, and, although lacking in beautiful woodlands, it had a charm all its own that spelled peace and rest to the onlooker. The colors were so quiet and so perfectly blended that they satisfied the eyes and taste of the artist. The grass, looking upward from its sandy bed, reflected the splendor of the sun beautifully in its glistening garb of green and dew. The country lay open in the early morning; the sky was clear and blue. After passing each hill we could see Jerusalem; then we would lose sight of it again, as the next hill covered it from view. It lay directly south of us, with the Mount of Olives a little to the east of it.

The Dead Sea and the table-land beyond

the Jordan were visible through occasional gate-like apertures that separate the different hills. The blue-gray Mountains of Moab loom in the background of the wonderful picture. The River Jordan, connecting like a thread with the Dead Sea, was only twenty miles away, and the lowest spot on the face of the earth, near the Dead Sea, was twelve hundred feet below us. Soon we approached Shufat, the village of the priests who were killed by Saul when they welcomed the fugitive David. We also saw Nebi Samuil, the home of the prophet Samuel, in the distance.

The last hill reached before we descended upon the city was El-Masharif. This is the only hill that really commands the city from a military standpoint. A defending army in Jerusalem may cope on even terms with an enemy on the Mount of Olives. It may even have an advantage over them, for the deep ravine of the Valley of Jehoshaphat separates them. But an invader from El-Masharif has Jerusalem at his mercy,

and it was from this point that the Romans attacked the city with success.

Jerusalem now lay before us. We saw no smoke coming out of tall chimneys, as we do on approaching cities in this country, nor did we see any sky-scrapers. We saw spires of churches, bell-towers, minarets, and square houses; we saw the wall girding the city proper. We saw everything which reminded us of chivalry, religion, and age, awakening the poetic in our natures. Warriors strong and brave fought for this place, and the scenes of the world's history that were enacted within its walls, would dim the brightest record of another country or city. Even Rome, with all her glorious history, sinks into insignificance when compared with the real Eternal City.

After gazing upon this view for a while we descended El-Masharif by a winding road, and in a short time we were in the city. The first place we visited was the Kings' Tombs, the burial-places of the

kings of Israel and Judah. We entered by an old gate, and went down broad stairs carved in the rock. About forty feet underground we reached another gate which ushered us into a very large open square yard, enclosed on all sides by walls of rock. These walls have small, uninviting doors which lead into numberless caves and catacombs that are not unlike those of Rome or the Egyptian pyramids. We might have spent a great deal of time here, going from one to another of the private tombs which form a continuous chain, but we were obliged to hurry, as our day was short.

We took the main road again, and after a quarter of a mile we reached the Garden tomb. This is the place agreed upon by most Western Biblical explorers to be the burial-place of Christ. We entered by a small gate at the end of a one-way street, and found ourselves in a fragrant and finely-kept flower garden. A little distance to our left was the tomb itself. First we had to pass through a small door cut in a

chiseled wall of rock, and secured on one side by a round stone, like a huge grinding-stone, that ran in a carved path when the door was to be closed. In the square cave beyond this door we found the floor cut into small tombs. In one corner is a platform cut in the rock, upon which they placed the body for embalming. We now stood on the very spot where the greatest event in history took place, — the resurrection of our Saviour.

It did not take a very active imagination to see over again the world's tragedy, standing there in front of the tombs, and gazing at Calvary, the hill on which Jesus was crucified. To our right lay the city, hidden by its massive, sombre wall. We were in a world all by ourselves, alone with our thoughts and the flowers. An irresistible calm came over us, and for a while nobody spoke, until eagerness prompted us to seek the immediate scene of the crucifixion.

Although at the very foot of Calvary,

we had to take a roundabout way in order to reach it. We went through the main thoroughfare again toward the city. On our right spread the orchard of olive trees so ably pictured by Henry Van Dyke in his "Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land," the very place where his party camped. We saw several tents of goats' hair pitched here, and heard the hammers of the gypsy blacksmiths who dwell in them. The gypsies meet the farmers on their way to the city to have their tools sharpened or some other blacksmithing done, lure them into their tents, and do the work for them. The gypsies' work is usually much more satisfactory than the work done by the fellaheen, or farmers. On our left stood the military-looking establishment of the Dominican Knights. In front of us rose the Damascus Gate, one of the gates leading through the wall into the city. We turned to the left, following a road along the wall. After about a half-mile walk we reached Calvary.

Calvary means skull, and the hill is so named because of its shape. A little distance from the base of the hill is a great oval grotto, the longest diameter of which is horizontal, thus producing a vivid resemblance to the mouth of the human skull. A cliff projecting above it answers for the nose, and two other caves, one on each side of the cliff, are the eyes. The dome-like top of the hill is covered with grass.

We had to enter through a gate, for Calvary is to-day a Mohammedan graveyard, and enclosed by a fence. We walked up the gentle slope to the summit, and here each one of us chose a spot which he thought was the actual place upon which the cross was fixed. We did not like to tarry long in a graveyard, so we hurried on, taking the road leading eastward to the Mount of Olives.

We crossed the Brook Kedron, and found ourselves near a level piece of ground at the foot of the mountain, — the Garden of Gethsemane. This sacred place scarcely

exceeds fifty-seven yards square, but is well planted with olive trees, which, the people believe, are the same which grew there in our Saviour's time. One would be almost led to give credit to their belief, if it were not for the fact that the great historian Josephus records that Titus, the Roman, cut down all the trees within a hundred furlongs of Jerusalem. The Garden is well kept by Franciscan monks, who, to judge by the result of their work, must be very skillful flower-gardeners. At the upper part of this garden is a flat ledge of rock with images on it indicating it to be the spot on which Peter, James and John fell asleep during Christ's agony. We climbed the mountain, and about halfway up saw a Russian church, which marks the supposed place where Christ sat looking at Jerusalem and wept. This is the best place to get a general view of Jerusalem.

Our outlook was one to charm. At our feet lay Jerusalem, encompassed by hills,

FROM RAM ALLAH TO JERUSALEM.

This carriage, rickety as it is, represents progress, as there was no wagon road between the two places until about the year 1900. A priest of the Greek Orthodox Church sits on the front seat.

not unlike a great amphitheatre. The rugged valleys were more or less covered with fragrant brushwood, and the olive groves contrasted strongly with the white lines of upheaved layers of chalky limestone. Beyond these, softened by distance, lay the great maritime plain, here a vivid green patch of young wheat, there a fallow spot full of flowers with a few olive trees. The bright sunshine glistened upon the white houses of Lud and El-Ramleh. Far beyond a thread of golden sand divided the plain from the hazy blue sea. A rounded mass of white in the distance we recognized as Jaffa. Many villages adorned the hilltops or nestled in the valleys. The scene was worthy of any master artist.

The plateau upon which Jerusalem is situated is a waterless, unfertile tongue of land, nearly nine hundred acres in size. It is surrounded on three sides by deep-cut ravines. The Valley, or "Brook," of Kedron runs on the east and northeast sides, separating the plateau of Jerusalem,

first from El-Masharif, known otherwise as Mount Scopus, and second from the Mount of Olives. In its upper course, the valley is broad and flat and is full of olive trees, but at the northwest angle of the city, it becomes deep and narrow with high precipitous sides. It was into this valley that Christ was tempted by the Devil to throw himself from the wing of the temple.

The Valley of Hinnom starts at the west of the city and runs parallel with the west wall of the city towards the south, and then, rapidly deepening, it turns towards the east, circling around Mount Zion until it unites with the Brook Kedron near Job's Well, the En-rogel of the Bible (Joshua xv:7).

The walls of the city are not strong and have no bastions; but they have towers on them after the old methods of fortification. They were built about the twelfth century by Sultan Sullimam, in order to repel the attacks of the nomadic Arabs. The walls have six doors, two opening west, one east,

one south, and two north. Between the two northern gates is seen the only strongly fortified castle on the walls, the Tower of David. To the south of this castle is Mount Zion, and one can see clearly the mosque built upon David's tomb.

The streets of Jerusalem are mean and narrow, and the private buildings are not imposing, but their humble appearance is effectively offset by the grandeur of the numerous churches, mosques, minarets, and public buildings. At certain hours designated for prayer by Mohammed, the khatib or muezzin goes to the top of the minaret to announce the house of prayer. He walks to and fro on a circular balcony shouting, or rather singing, his call: "Allahu Akber, la ilaha illa Allah Wa Mohammed rasoola Allah Hayya ila salat, huyya allalfalat."

It means literally, "God is great; there is no God save Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet (sent-one). Bless prayer, bless the desert." The desert is blessed,

because from it originated Mohammedanism.

Almost in front of us, as we stood on the mountain-side, was the flat table-land on top of Mount Moriah. Upon this are built the Mosque of Omar and in the center of the city the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, supposed by the Catholics to contain the tomb of Christ. Next to it is the Prussian Protestant church which was dedicated by the German Emperor on his recent visit to the Holy Land.

To the north of Jerusalem itself we saw the "new Jerusalem," about twice as large as the city proper and decidedly more modern-looking. Here dwell the Jews who are coming in great numbers daily. The movement is financed by the Zionist Society. It has been calculated that more than one hundred Jews come to the city weekly to stay. As a result this population has been tripled in the last twenty years.

It was about lunch time now, so we

descended to the valley, and had our dinner, sitting on tombstones in the shade of the Tower of Absalom, which is built of huge rocks. After dinner we entered the city through the Gate of St. Mary. There we met a man, a Kawas, sent by the American Consul to escort us into the Mosque of Omar. No Christians are allowed to enter even the grounds unless thus escorted, or by special permission from the pasha, governor of the city. Before entering we were compelled to either remove our shoes or to hire overshoes from the door-keeper, as no "street" shoes are allowed to tread upon the most valuable rugs in the world.

The mosque of Omar, as we found out, was nothing more than a huge dome built over a great rock, "Sachrah." This was the rock, we were told, upon which Abraham tied his only son Isaac to offer him for sacrifice, but was stopped by divine intervention. This was the place where the magnificent temple of Solomon stood.

We went into a cave under the rock, and to our surprise we found that all the prophets, at some time or other, had been there. Only olive oil is burned here. Among the marvels of the place are stones smoothed and highly polished until a fine picture, resembling a master-painting, is obtained. This is probably due to petrified fossils. The famous rugs, over an inch in thickness, are also wonderful specimens of Mohammedan art.

After leaving the mosque, we walked about the yard in front and saw the only display of water-works in Palestine, — a small fountain resembling those in an American park. The water comes from the Pools of Solomon, great rectangular box-pools, built of heavy masonry. They are three in number, and lie south of Bethlehem by the road that leads to Hebron. These three immense reservoirs, each of which, when full, would float a battle-ship, have a combined capacity of over forty million gallons. Palestine is noted for

these pools, not a few of which are in Jerusalem. Formerly stone aqueducts conveyed the water to Jerusalem, and their remains are still to be seen. The water is now conveyed through an iron pipe, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, from a distance of over eight miles.

After visiting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we were ready to start homeward.

CHAPTER VII

A WEDDING IN PALESTINE

Parents in Palestine have much to say about the choice of a life-partner. However, it is seldom, if ever, that a young man or a young woman is forced against his or her will to marry. When a young man decides upon the girl, and has reason to believe that he is acceptable to her, he tells his father, and they both talk it over. Then, if there are no serious objections, they let their near relatives into the secret. These relatives pay the parents of the girl a visit, and hint at its object. As soon as the girl's parents understand their meaning, they give their consent, providing, of course, that they find no objection to the proposal. This is the first step. The next step is the engagement fête, at which the parents of the man formally ask for the

girl, and the two families arrange the terms.

Weddings are usually celebrated on Sunday, because it is a holiday, and all the men can be present. All the details are arranged beforehand, and the real festivities begin on Saturday evening. This celebration is called "Milaab," and is participated in joyfully by the bridegroom and his friends.

At the Milaab there is a blazing fire of brush, which is continually fed. Beside it the men and youths form two lines facing each other. One side sings a stanza of the song while the others clap their hands; then in its turn the second side sings another stanza while the former singers clap their hands. As they clap they execute a swaying motion which ends by each one stamping his right foot on the ground. Sometimes one man will start an impromptu song. The composer passes the first two lines along, until every one knows them. Then they sing them, and

the other side simply repeats the same words. In the time thus gained the composer improvises more lines. The songs are usually of love and its power. While this festivity is going on the old men sit and talk and drink coffee.

The women, in the meantime, are having their celebration and singing. Some of them can give a peculiar and highly thrilling cry, called the "Zagroot." This stirs up the men more than anything else, and they continue their singing more heartily than ever. The women cry this Zagroot on occasions other than marriage ceremonies. In time of battle, for instance, it is a great inspiration. It is told that on one occasion a great rock, needed for the baptismal services in the Greek Church, was being rolled from the country into the village. It was tied with ropes, and many men, having disdained the services of animals for pulling, were harnessed to it. They came to a very steep place, and there was a stop in the operations; the men

were fagged, and could pull the rock no farther. So the old men who directed the affair wisely sent for some young women to come and sing. At the sound of the Zagroot the men tugged mightily at the rock and rolled it up the hill with great ease.

The wedding ceremony usually takes place in the afternoon. Many young "sports" come from different villages to share in the celebration. When the bridegroom is ready, he mounts a horse, and the young men form a ring in front of him. A broadsword dancer stands in the center and leads the impassioned singing. The men dance violently and clap their hands, singing the song of Sahjeh as an accompaniment, while they escort the bridegroom slowly toward the church. After they have arrived, the bride comes amidst similar singing and rejoicing. She is veiled, and carries a sword in front of her face. She and the bridegroom, with a few of their near relatives, enter the

church, where the marriage ceremony is performed. Most of the attendants and participants in the celebration remain in the yard during the ceremony. When the married couple come out, their friends fire pistols and guns, and start for the home of the bridegroom. At the tribal coffee-house he is given a reception, followed by a great banquet and the presentation of gifts.

Here is a translation of the song of Sahjeh, which the bridegroom's friends sing:

SONG OF SAHJEH

Good evening, all ye who are present;
In the middle of the garden is a green-bird chirping to you.

O mother of the only one, bless thee for what thou did for him!
On his wedding day thou didst grind his flour at Zerka.

Were it not for love we'd not come walking,
Nor would we tread on your ground.

Good evening, thou owner of a silver rosary!
After starting lovingly, why is there hatred?

Good evening, O possessor of an amber rosary!
After starting lovingly, why dost thou fight?

The sands cannot be kneaded, nor the thorns trodden,
Nor the secret displayed to all the people.

How many palms have we climbed without ladder,
And how many offenses of friends have we overlooked!

O sweet, O beautiful, thy letter came to us;
As we read it how our tears flowed!

O excellent sweet, moving thy lips,
Thou hast wounded hearts. We beg thee let us come to thee.

For my friend, friendship should abide;
As for the disloyal, the day of judgment shall find him.

For what reason dost thou close thine eyes without sleeping?
Thou pleasest me not, but other people.

I shall rush on you at noon, you who are in my mind.
With the sword shall I charge you in the darkness of the night;

O beloved, O beloved, thou whom the heart desires,
Thou wilt weep tears of grief when thou seest us.

I passed by their house and said not a word;
The tears from my eyes dropped before me on the stone.

The tree of love is cast out by the gate of Damascus;
I was dying, and my friend came not to me.

The tree of love at the gate of Damascus is swaying;
I was dying, and my friend did not come to ask.

O tree of love, at the gate of Damascus, thou art green;
I was near to dying, and my friend came not once.

Do not think that good style consists in ample clothing:
Good style is providing dishes for the men.

Do not think that good style consists in elegant robes:
Good style consists in large trenchers, in kindness and generosity.

O Egypt, oh, how far off art thou, in whom is the beloved!
If I live another year I must surely live in thee.

O sweet one, bring thy bottle, and we'll drink and
fill it:
Thy people are far, and thy country's water is
scarce.

What brought thee forth, O gazelle, to roam?
To look on thy country, O sweet, and return.

What brought thee from thy country, single,
alone?
I want to look on thy country, and I want a
friend.

CHAPTER VIII

PLANT LIFE OF THE HOLY LAND

PALESTINE is referred to in the Bible as a land "flowing with milk and honey." A visitor to Palestine to-day would wonder at the absurdity of such a statement, for how could a land where even water does not flow produce milk and honey? The soil of Palestine to-day is very stony, and its herbage mostly wild-flowers, except in scattered places where the land is cultivated, and even then wild growth shares existence with what is planted.

Trees in Palestine are divided by the natives into two classes: those that produce food and those that do not. The latter are never cultivated, and what few grow in spite of the people are cut down and used to make fuel.

The most important of the useful trees is the olive-tree. It has a leaf varying from an inch and one-fourth to two inches in length and about one-third of an inch in width, and tapering to a point at the end. Olive blossoms grow in tiny clusters just inside the leaf. An olive-tree resembles a chestnut-tree in shape, and when old, its trunk has the same scaly appearance. Its wood has a very beautiful grain and is extensively used in the cities to make souvenirs for tourists. Of the fruit and its use, I have already spoken.

Next in importance comes the fig-tree. It resembles the poplar in growth. It has a leaf about the size of the human hand, and fringed. Its fruit is valued by the people, and is dried for winter use. It is not seedy when ripe, and I have often wondered whether seedless dried figs could be had if the figs were dried at this stage. Figs are allowed to dry and over-ripen on the tree, and are picked up when they fall to the ground, and then given some addi-

tional drying before they are ready for storage.

Apple-trees do not thrive as well in Palestine as they do farther north. Two or three varieties of pears grow, but are seldom cultivated.

The pomegranate-tree has a very beautiful bud. Its fruit out of season is a rare delicacy, and is supposed to be very nourishing to the sick. On the plains of the maritime districts grow orange-trees and lemon-trees. The cactus, at times a tree and at times a bush, thrives in dry and sandy places. Its fruit, although extremely seedy, is well-liked and considered very healthful.

On the hillsides grow the carob and oak. The former is excellent as a shade-tree, while the latter furnishes choice fuel when made into charcoal. Of other trees, we have the pine, cypress, mulberry, date, apricot, sycamore, plum, and cherry. No berry-bushes are grown, but some very choice vegetation thrives near water, such

as lettuce, radishes, onions, tomatoes, and garlic. Potatoes and beets are very seldom raised.

The flowers are many and varied, and I shall mention a few of them. Violets grow among the rocks and in crevices of ledges where there is shade and moisture. Unlike American wild violets, these are very fragrant. Tulips and anemones are very numerous, especially the latter. It is very likely that when Jesus said, "Consider the lilies," he referred to them.

On Palm Sunday I joined other boys in carrying olive branches for palms. Among the olive leaves we stuck anemones and other flowers, thus producing a beautiful effect when we went to church. This effect did not last long, for just as soon as the church ceremonies were over, a melée followed and we began beating one another with the olive branches. The flowers suffered fully as much as we did.

"Siray-Il-Ghouleh" starts the flower season in mid-fall. It has a white blossom,

sometimes tinged with blue or red. Its bulb, which has to be dug from the ground, has the shape of an old-fashioned oil lamp. We used to carve these out and fill them with olive oil, and by putting wicks into them we could produce a light. That is why this plant is called the "lamp of the Ghouleh."

"Thalyoon Seedy," "the pipe of my grandfather," is another flower that grows from a bulb. The narcissus grows out of an onion-like bulb. The wild variety appears just before Easter and continues in bloom until a little later. It grows near ledges or stone-walls.

There are also yellow clover, Venus's looking-glass, acacia, wild mignonette, Madonna flower, larkspur, flax, saffron, everlasting camphire, buttercups, and numerous fruit blossoms, as well as many flowering plants concerning which I must plead ignorance through having had no systematic instruction in botany.

CHAPTER IX

MY RACE AND MY MOTHER TONGUE

Andrew Crithton, LL. D., says of Arabia and its people:

"To those who delight to study man in his pastoral simplicity, to moralize on the destiny of nations or the rise and fall of empires, the history of Arabia cannot fail to be attractive. From time immemorial it has been celebrated for its precious productions, and distinguished as the home of liberty and independence; the only land in all antiquity that never bowed to the yoke of a foreign conqueror. It continues to be inhabited at this day by a race co-eval with the first ages of mankind. Their manners still present that crude freedom and patriarchal simplicity, which we find in the infancy of society, before art had taught man to restrain the sentiments of nature, or disguise the original features of their character.

"This extraordinary people have not only preserved inviolate the dominion of their deserts and their pastures; they

have also, with a singular tenacity, retained from age to age, and in spite of changes and revolutions, the vices and virtues, the habits and customs of their ancestors, without borrowing improvement from the progress of knowledge or their intercourse with other nations."

The marked unchangeableness of the Arabs may be partly explained by a study of the country in which they dwell. Its vast plains or barren sands have undoubtedly required such a life as the Arab has lived, and continues to live. It is an undeniable fact that the Arabian race has been slow to progress, although it is one of the noblest of all races.

The Arabians are not unlike the American Indians in temperament, only they are not treacherous. Like the Indians, they are divided into tribes. They never have been conquered, and probably never will be; they are brave and freedom-loving. Their wealth, like that of Abraham and other patriarchs of old, lies in flocks and herds which are tended by the

dark-skinned, free-spirited children of the desert, who roam about in search of water and pasture. The tragedy at the well, so many times mentioned in the Bible, is often repeated when two herders meet at a well to-day.

A stranger, or even a fugitive, is safe when he is under the roof of an Arab tent, or if he only touches the peg or cord of the tent. To provide for the security of his guest is a point of highest honor with the Arab. To eat under the same roof, or from the same dish, constitutes a bond of brotherhood. Any guest may claim hospitality from an Arab for three days and three nights. The guest is required to show appreciation and courtesy, but he must not offer any payment for his entertainment.

Injury for injury, blood for blood, is the stern law of Arabs, and tribe stands to tribe as man to man. The *lex talionis* is in full force, and each man in the tribe is answerable for the other. Revenge may

be said to be a ruling passion with the Arab, but his high ideal of hospitality softens much of its relentlessness. If the man-slayer can only penetrate his enemy's tent and eat bread there, he may claim sanctuary, and even protection, from the avenger himself. After he has enjoyed this hospitality, he may depart and not be pursued until two days and two nights have elapsed. Each tribe has its sheik, or chief, who administers justice. Most sheiks are famed in deed and story for their integrity and for the equity of their judgments. They scorn bribes.

The love and devotion of the Arab for his steed have been sung in many tongues and in many lands. His fondness for his worthy horse often becomes a craze; he is his first care, and the owner of a good horse will seldom, if ever, part with him for any consideration.

As they are nominally Moslems, Arabs believe in the existence of God, of whom they are the special favorites. They will

thank God as heartily for success in a robber-raid or a battle as they would for recovery from sickness.

They have no truly great philosophers, in the modern meaning of the word. Their philosophers are highly gifted men, whose wit and clever repartee flashes forth in sparkling epigram and poetry. Their work lacks the system of the Western thinkers, but it is more far-reaching, and often has a more natural basis. Arabs are original in everything, but they do not develop their originality into chain-like systems. Take the Koran, for example. It is a collection of highly original ideas, but they lack the systemization which St. Paul's Roman training gave to Christianity. The religion of Islam is not an entity, and cannot therefore be fought effectively by missionaries. It is like the mythical seven-headed snake; try as you may, you cannot behead it.

You can see by what I have said that the Arabs are an impulsive and brilliant peo-

ple. Certainly there is nothing in the annals of human history to compare with the sudden and overwhelming uprising which occurred about the middle of the seventh century in this obscure corner of the world. In this movement we have the spectacle of a united Arab race dimming all exaggerated records of heroic and mythical conquest. All that we read about the fabled monarchies of Egypt and Babylon, the boasted expeditions of Cyrus and Alexander, the vast regions overrun by the Mongols, the Tartars, and the Teutons, or even the first Roman Empire at the zenith of its power in the Augustan age, will bear no comparison to this dominion of the Arab. From the Pillars of Hercules to the land of the "Son of Heaven," from the Atlantic to the Pacific, did these sons of the desert extend their conquests, at one time ruling three-fourths of Asia.

The pride of every Arab is his mother tongue, for it links him with the glorious past of his race. Although they have no

national literature, the Arabs have a considerable body of traditions and inspiring poetry. It is deplorable to find that the people relied entirely upon their memories and kept no written record of these productions. One reason why no great literature has been developed is the fact that Arabic is a dual language.

This phenomenon of a race having two distinct and different sets of idioms is not confined to the Arabs: Greece has two languages, the modern and the classic. The classic, or book, Arabic is called "Fasih," while the common, spoken language is "Arabi Darij." Being regarded as a base vernacular, incapable of elegant expression, the spoken language is absolutely barred from literature. The state of affairs is similar to that in Italy before Dante wrote his "Divina Commedia" and his "Convito," in which he set forth his reasons for using the living Italian instead of the dead Latin. It may also be likened to the condition in England before Chaucer

helped to fix the new language by his writings.

The disadvantages of a dual language are many and great. It is hard for an American to understand how a people can have such contempt for the language they use in daily intercourse and business, and how an artificial tongue, now learned only in school, can prevail over the one learned in the home and used habitually. This condition naturally affects education, and the child who has learned to call a horse "horse," must unlearn it, and call a horse "steed," in the same way learning "occiput" for "head." American boys and girls can see at once the hardships placed in the way of an Arabian aspiring to an education. Another practical disadvantage of the two languages is its check to the diffusion of knowledge among the masses. Thus it is that the Holy of Holies in Arabic literature is closed, except to the select few who can spend the time to become educated. The reasons for

this tenacity in restricting the vulgar tongue to speech are literary, political, and religious, and do not concern us in this narrative.

The literary amusement of the masses is left to the mercy of a few commercial writers who have no artistic reputations at stake. Antar, Abu Zeid, El-Zeer, and Beibars are recited by professional minstrel-bards, like the Homeric rhapsodies. Eager throngs of common people may be seen eagerly listening to these truly national epics in the coffee-houses, or in tribal chambers. "Alf Layleh wa Leyleh," "Arabian Nights," is also enjoyed and understood by the masses. What we need is a Dante or a Cervantes to put power into the spoken tongue.

Arabic is famous for its proverbs and fables, of which I am translating a few into English.

"A word from the heart reaches the heart.
A word from the tongue reaches only the ears."

Of extremes it is said: "The feeblest is he who is not able to keep his secret; the strongest is he who masters his anger; the most patient is he who hides poverty; and the wealthiest is he who is contented."

A king once asked a wise man, "What is the essence of knowledge?"

He answered, "To know one's self."

"What is the best of reason?"

"To back up one's science or knowledge by his actions."

El-Mustasimi, a noted philosopher, says, "Bear not in one day the troubles of a year. It is enough for you to think of what was fated for you for that day, and if you live out the year, God will give a new day for all new troubles. But if you do not live the year, you must leave what is not your own."

El-Suyuti says, "Eight things bring dejection to a man:

"(1) Sitting at a table to which he is not invited.

"(2) Bossing the master of the house.

" (3) Hoping for good from enemies.

" (4) ' Butting ' into a conversation between two when they have not invited him.

" (5) Despising the Sultan.

" (6) Sitting above his station.

" (7) Talking when no one hears.

" (8) Friendship of the undeserving."

El-Shibrawi says in poetry:

" Praise not a man until you try him,
And do not slander him without trial,
For men are locked boxes
That have no keys save trials."

Ibn El-Flactaky says of a book, " It is a friend that does not lie nor tire, and will not blame you if you thrust it aside, nor will it give away your secrets."

Some one says of inevitable consequences: " Wealth follows diligence; poverty, laziness; sickness, gluttony."

Omar-ibn-Ilkhattab says, " Leave gluttony alone, for it will make you a sloven at prayer, rotten at heart, and sick in the body."

Speaking of the value of man, El-Absheehy says, "Man is what he grows, and not where he was planted; where he is to be found, and not where he was born."

Ali Ameer El-Mumineen (the Prince of the Faithful) said of education, "For the rich it is ornamental; for the poor a treasure; a help in difficulty; a friend in company and repartee; a consolation when one is alone."

El-Shebrawy sums up his philosophy by saying, "Knowledge (or science) is the friend of the faithful one; generosity, his adviser; the mind, his guide; work, his leader; and patience, the prince of his armies."

From these words of the wise and representative men of the race you can get some idea of the character of the Arab and form a better estimate of his morals than would otherwise be possible.

Arabic literature abounds in fables, in which dumb animals are personified. Most of the fables have morals. One is about

a cat, who, entering a blacksmith's shop, started licking a file, and thinking it was the file that bled, he licked his tongue out and died. Moral: a fool is not aware of his folly, while sinister ambition holds sway over him.

The fox is portrayed as the most cunning, the lion as the most powerful, and the wolf as the most fierce of animals. One time a fox, being extremely thirsty, found a well with two buckets, one on each end of a rope, fixed to a pulley. He sat in one of the buckets, went down into the well and had a drink. A hyena came along and saw the reflection of the half-moon in the water.

"What are you doing?" he asked the fox.

"I have eaten one-half of this excellent cheese," the fox answered. "Won't you come down and have the rest?"

"Yes, but how can I come down?"

"That is simple enough," returned the wily fox. "Sit down in the other bucket."

The hyena did as the fox told him, and being the heavier, he went down into the well, and the fox came up.

A man owned a donkey who did nothing but eat, and an ox who did nothing but work. So one day the ox complained of his condition to the donkey and asked for his wise advice.

"Make believe you are sick," said the donkey, "and do not eat your grain, when it is offered to you, and our master, thinking you are ill, will give you the rest you need."

The ox followed this advice, and the next day things went just as the clever donkey had predicted, but there was one thing which the donkey had not foreseen. The owner, who had to have his work done, hitched the donkey to the plow, and worked him all day. That evening the ox found the donkey downcast, and when he asked the reason, the donkey replied:

"My friend, I heard our owner say that if you did not recover soon, he would have

to kill you lest he lose you. I advise you, therefore, to go back to work and eat your grain as usual."

So the ox went to work, thus relieving the donkey.

Here are a few Arabic proverbs that Professor Grant has translated.

"Habibi habibi walau kan abdaswad" —"I would love my love, though he were a black slave."

"La takul lil maghanny ghanny wala lil rakas urkus"—"Never tell a singer to sing nor a dancer to dance." (This signifies natural obstinacy.)

"Tuh il-jarrah ala fimha, titla il bint mithl imha"—"Turn the jar on its mouth, the daughter comes up like her mother." (The first part is put in for rhyme, and the whole proverb refers to family resemblances.)

"Lubbis il-oud yajud"—"Clothe a stick of wood and it will do well (or look well)."

"Idalikur ibu-dhib wahayilo il-kadib"

—"If you think of the wolf, get the stick ready for him."

"Il-haribeh tlulthein il marajel"—"Running away is two-thirds of valor."

"Yama Kassar hajjamal battikh"—"Oh, how often this camel broke melons!" This is said of one who, having done well, ends by spoiling his work.

"Kallil il-haky tutal wakuthrutuh faddah"—"Diminish the talk and you will rest: increase it, and have trouble."

"Ish-sharaf ahsan min Khazayin mal"—"Honor is better than treasure-chests of wealth."

"Fi Ab ikta il-kutuf wala thhab"—"In August cut the bunch (grapes) and fear not (its being unripe)."

"Ala kadar firashak midd rijleck"—"According to the measure of your bed stretch your legs." This proverb is quoted in favor of living within one's means.

"Ish-shay matta ma zad nukus"—"Anything carried to excess diminishes." This proverb advises against overdoing.

"Kalb hamit khurj mal"—"A dog carrying a saddle-bag of wealth." This refers to an unworthy owner of riches.

"Hafith alas-sadik walan fil-harik"—"Care for your friend, though he be in the fire."

"Al-mal il-falit yuallim in-nas it haram"—"Unguarded property teaches people to steal."

"Khaye ul-omouri l-wasat"—"The best of things is the moderate."

"Is-subru miftah il-faraj"—"Patience is the key of relief."

CHAPTER X

THE RULERS OF PALESTINE

To know something about the lives and customs of a people, one must also study their government. Since there is not room in this book to take up the long record of the past, we shall have to leave it to the historians, and just concern ourselves with the present conditions in Palestine. As you probably know, Palestine is a part of Turkey, and is therefore affected by the events and changes which take place in that vast empire. The comparatively recent seizure of the Turkish government by the Young Turks is naturally an affair of most vital importance to Palestine.

Why have the Young Turks failed? Will Turkey ever regain her lost place of prestige among the powers of the world? These are questions that we naturally ask

when we hear Turkey's failure in the recent Balkan war mentioned. Yet it is true that the failure of the Young Turks at government is even more disastrous, although less glaring, than their failure at arms. In 1909 these reformers, having cast down, once and for all, their former persecutor, Abdul Hamid, started a new government with the sympathy of the entire world. They were undoubtedly educated men, and had spent many years of exile in foreign courts where good and efficient government prevailed. There they had seen the automatic methods of civilization in operation. They had seen how a group of independent nations may be molded into a powerful unit as in Germany, or how many elements and different nationalities may be united to live and die under a single flag as in the United States. They had seen all this and more, and yet they failed when they came to govern themselves.

The world's sympathy and the good-will

of their neighbors were not the only advantages the Young Turks enjoyed. In Turkey itself all the discordant races were casting aside their animosities and personal ambitions, and bending their necks to the yoke that promised to make for them a home which they could love and protect and enjoy in freedom. The Armenian and the Greek became as enthusiastic for the new Turkey as the Mohammedan and the Christian. Mount Lebanon, the little nation which, under the protection of the Powers, maintains an independent government, was about to renounce the protection of the Powers and join Turkey. Everybody was drunk with the wine of the New Nationalism. They wanted to wrest Egypt from the British. They wanted to invite Persia to come into their fold and be free, and they wanted even to defy Russia. Many editors of papers, who were then abroad, returned to boom the new nation. At home and abroad it had an auspicious support.

Mesopotamia was to be reclaimed from a dead and useless waste, and transformed into the Garden of Eden that it had been in former times, when it supported twelve million inhabitants of Nineveh and Babylonia. Furthermore, it was to be given to the industrious, yet heretofore abhorred and despised Jews. Could one ask for better signs to show the sincerity of the people's enthusiasm? Railroads were being constructed, and foreign advisers were secured to put the finances of the new nation on a rock basis; its custom-houses and post-offices were being made more efficient; telegraph and telephone lines were being installed. Germany took upon herself the sponsoring of the Turkish army, and England was to build and train her navy.

All this did not avail the nation. And the pertinently human question is: why has failure, and not success, crowned so much human effort? When all the material and the laborers are ready, why has

the structure not resulted? To any one who has made a study of governments, the answer is obvious: who possessed the skill for such an undertaking?

The very first thing the new government had to do was to fix upon one language as the official, national average. The Arabic, the mother tongue of the Turkish, was the logical choice: it is more widely spoken than any of the other dozen or so dialects; it is the language that would have encountered the least rivalry and invited the least antagonism; and, finally, Arabic is the language of religion. The Young Turks cast all these points aside, and made Turkish the national language to the strict exclusion of all others. This action had its immediate results in the uprisings in Arabia and Albania. It was their first tactical mistake, but it was not serious enough in itself to break up the nation.

The greatest error of the new régime was in not giving some measure of local

government to the different races. Austria almost exhausted herself trying to subdue Hungary by force; so she solved the problem by making Hungary a part of the Empire with local self-government. The cases of Ireland, Poland and other countries may be cited. Turkey could not make a Turk of the Armenian, nor of the Greek, and certainly not of the race-proud Arab. But the Young Turks tried to do this, and in so doing they made their fundamental mistake. They wounded the fibre of the nation-to-be, and then trampled on it. Everything had to go through Constantinople, everything had to come out of it. The delay and red tape of the proceedings disappointed, and, later on, angered the other races.

The third great cause for the failure of the Young Turks was in the matter of elections. The Constitution provided for a two-house rule, like that of all other civilized nations. The members of both were to be elective, but this clause was

changed by an amendment which permitted one-third of the upper house to be appointed by the king and his cabinet. As the king was of their own party, the Young Turks were always assured of a majority in the upper house. They thus defeated the object of the elections, for it can be seen that the opposition would have to poll a great majority of the elective seats in the upper house to offset the advantage of the Young Turks in "packing" the house with one-third of its membership. This made the Young Turks unpopular. It not only delayed progress, but it actually put Turkey one generation back.

The fourth big cause of their failure was the Newspaper Act. Following the proclamation of the much-abused slogan, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," several thousand papers sprang up. Now any one who has watched the causes and results of civilization, realizes the powerful influence of a free, unhampered press. A free press is not only a necessity, but in reality a part

of a free government. The new Turkish government imprudently forbade the publication of unauthorized news, and enforced its prohibition, because it controlled the telegraph and other lines of communication. As a security against the writing of hostile editorials and articles, every newspaper had to deposit a sum of money equivalent to five hundred dollars, which may not seem much in America, but is a moderate fortune in Turkey. This act killed many newspapers, and rendered the others servile and ineffectual as helpers and educators of the people. The ship of state in Turkey is foundering upon the very rocks upon which a stable government should be founded.

Will Turkey ever recover? That is a hard question, and on the face of it one will answer in the negative. The Turkish press had always been claiming that a war, a bitter, foreign war, would do wonders in unifying the races and awakening the latent strength of the nation by reviving its

consciousness of a glorious past. Close upon these declarations came the war with Italy over Tripoli; but that did not strike at the heart of the nation. Hardly had it ended, however, when the Balkan League declared war. This was to be the test. Its result, beyond the loss of territory, cannot yet be forecasted, but the diplomats seem to expect a crash, from present indications. The most ardent friends of Turkey are disappointed. Palestine, with its peaceful people of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, wants a responsible, efficient government. The tension there is unbearable, and even Turkish money is no longer credited by the masses. The young men refuse to go to war, preferring rather to leave the land of their fathers. My home town, a small place of five thousand inhabitants, can claim as its own over a thousand young men in foreign lands, chiefly America. This is an abnormal condition, and its developments will be full of human interest.

CHAPTER XI

THE RELIGIONS IN PALESTINE

All the people of Palestine share in the belief that there is a provident, all-powerful God. "Insha Allah" ("If God will") is often uttered by all alike with a feeling of resignation. In their creeds and dogmas each one not only believes that he is right, but that every one who disagrees is wrong. Religion distinguishes a man in Palestine as nationality does in the United States. "Shu deenn?" ("What is his religion?") is one of the first questions they ask about a person. Islam, Christianity, and Judaism are the three important divisions of religion in Palestine.

Islam was founded by Nebi (prophet) Mohammed in 622. Ten years later all Arabia was Mohammedan, and Khalid

(the " Sword of God ") attempted the conquest of Palestine by a holy war, and was successful. And ever since the Moslems, as the Mohammedans are called, have been its rulers, except for brief periods when the Christian Crusaders captured parts of it. The conquerors offered the inhabitants the choice of three things, — Islam, tribute, or death. They chose tribute, and this has been the policy ever since, until five years ago, in 1909, the new Constitution substituted military service for tribute. Practically no Christians embraced the creed of Islam, so the Moslems of Palestine are descendants of the conquering Arabs who settled in the land; they are twice as numerous as the Christians. The descendants of Khalid are prominent in the life of Jerusalem to-day; most of them are men of noble character and keen intellect.

The Christian people are either Arabs, Greeks, or descendants of the old Crusaders. In Jifna, a small village, the people

A Typical Christian Family of Palestine.

are too fair to be anything but Teutons or their descendants. The Jews are mostly strangers in their old land, and although they are becoming numerous, they have to be very humble, sometimes even servile, to be allowed to exist at all. Christians and Moslems, however, get along together better in Palestine, and especially in Jerusalem, than in any other part of Turkey. Fights are unheard of except among the boys; massacres are absolutely unknown.

Moslems are of two kinds, Sunnis and Shiahs, known in other localities as Matawleh and Ismarlijeh. This split in Islam was caused by the difference which arose concerning the succession of Mohammed. The supporters of Abu Bekr became Sunnis, and those who adhered to Ali are now Shiahs. The last named were also divided among themselves over the appointment of an Imam Seik-ul-Aslam. However, these divisions are always ignored in dealing with a common foe, a policy in keeping with an Arabic proverb, " I am against my

cousin, but my cousin and I are against the world."

Among the many Christian sects which maintain headquarters and own churches in Jerusalem, are Abyssinians, Armenians, Copts, Greeks, Roman Catholics, Maronites, Protestants, and Syriacs. The Abyssinians are Africans. They have a monastery over the Church of St. Helena, and recently they built a large church in the northwest outskirts of the city. Many Abyssinian pilgrims tour the land, living on the bounty of the natives. Some of them are employed as domestic servants.

The Armenians, from Armenia, have an archbishop, who acts as their Pope. They occupy excellent property in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to the left as one enters the door. Many Armenians are leaving their homes and coming to Jerusalem to live. They make excellent storekeepers and craftsmen. They have established a school, and are very intellectual and fond of education.

The Copts are the Christians from Egypt. They have a small cave, or "khorns," where they hold their services. They also have convents of mendicant monks.

The Greek or Orthodox Christians are the most numerous in Palestine, and are very powerful and wealthy. Their champion is Russia, who forces Turkey to give them liberal terms. They own the main chapel in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which they call "Nuss id-dinya," "the center of the world," and they support many large convents, both in Jerusalem and in the rest of Palestine. Most of the peasant Christians are Orthodox, and have native priests who conduct the service chiefly in the Arabic language. Over the whole Orthodox church is the Patriarch, the Caliphate of St. James. Although very arrogant, he is obliged to listen to the demands of Russia and the peasants.

Latins, or Roman Catholics, rely for

protection and patronage on France and other Catholic nations. They also have a patriarch, who is responsible to the Pope. Their Franciscan monks conduct a theological college; and their wealth enables them to maintain many hospitals and almshouses all over the land, especially in the Christian villages. They establish schools in connection with all their work.

Of Protestants there are three important sects that claim native following. The largest and most powerful is the Church of England, both the High and Low branches. They have a bishop, whose jurisdiction is over Palestine and Egypt, and they have charge of two colleges in Jerusalem. The Low Church seems to take better hold, and has schools all over Palestine. It fact, the Episcopal schools have set the standard for the school-system in Palestine.

Lutherans and Baptists and a few Adventists hold services in Palestine. There are many Prussian Protestants under the

supervision of the Bishop of the Anglican Church. The bishopric was created by the concerted action of England and Germany, and they alternate in electing a bishop.

There is a native monthly meeting of the Society of Friends in Ram Allah. It is a live body, and has the credit of being the only native-supported church organization in Palestine. The Society of Friends in America support the Eli and Sybil Jones Mission, which conducts the best girls' school and training home in Palestine, Syria, or Egypt. They also support a school for boys.

The Syriacs have a bishop and a few monks. They speak the Syriac language, a relic of the Aramaic and Assyrian languages. This sect is of no importance in Palestine, although in northern Syria it claims a few villages. It is wonderful how these churches survive through the centuries of wars and affliction.

Each church has its own clerical costumes and its own language, and it is cer-

tainly bewildering at times to watch the religious parades at festivals. Each sect is very strict in the maintenance of its possessions and shrines, and will allow no trespassing. An incident is told of a Latin monk, who, by mistake, allowed the broom he was using to touch the pavement which belonged to the Greeks. Those who saw the deed resented it, and pounced upon him. His Latin friends, however, came to his assistance, and a free-for-all fight ensued, in which priest and monk, forgetting their dignity, took a hand. The peasant partisans of each sect, not to be outdone, came along with their guns and clubs, and made things more interesting, until the soldiery arrived and dispersed the fighters.

Such is the feeling of jealousy between these "Christians" that they could not agree upon a doorkeeper to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and until this day Moslem officials are to be found inside the church with the key in their possession.

AT AN AMERICAN SCHOOL IN PALESTINE.

In Ram Allah are two boarding schools so well conducted by the American Quakers that a little village maid looked through the gate at the Girls' School and said: "I know where Heaven is; it is over the Friends' Mission."

Easter is the chief festival in Palestine. It takes a week to celebrate it, and during that time the last week of Christ's life is rehearsed amidst brilliant ceremonies, not unlike the Passion-play of Oberammergau. An important ceremony takes place during Khmis il-Gusul ("Thursday of the Washing"), commemorating the washing of the disciples' feet by Christ. Upon this day, under the gaze of great crowds, the Patriarch of the Greeks himself washes the feet of some of his bishops.

On Saturday of Easter week as many as half a million people are in Jerusalem, for the Moslems provide a counter attraction in the feast of Nebi Mousa in order to bring the Moslem peasants into the city. They come in great numbers, and go to the mosque. Here they unfurl their old war banners of green, and form a parade, probably the most picturesque of its kind in the world. They march from the mosque to the shrine of Moses near the Dead Sea. The fact that this shrine is,

undoubtedly, fictitious does not keep down the crowds. It takes several hours to watch the parade pass, and during that time one sees all one wants to of fanatic humanity. Some of the sights strike awe into the hearts of thousands of children.

The Christians are not inactive on Saturday, for upon that day "En-Nour" (the Light) must spring out of the old tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The tomb is directly under the dome, in a small round building surrounded by the churches of all the sects. One enters the first room, and then, through a low door, the next one, in which to the right lies the supposed tomb. Most modern scholars agree that Gordon's tomb, described in the chapter on Jerusalem, is the genuine one, but the controversy is still undecided. This tomb is of gray marble, about a foot and a half in height. People that enter kiss the marble, and slip a coin into the hand of the polite and careful attendant. The marble top of the tomb

has a crack that runs across it, and it is through this crack that the light must come on every Easter Saturday.

Many peasants believe that this light comes directly from God as an annual miracle. They also believe that the flame will not harm; it does not burn until it gets into the hands of sinners. Lanterns are lighted with it and sent post-haste through the country, and the peasants light candles from it, taking them to their houses. Just before a lantern of the sacred flame reaches a village, the men carrying it form a procession, and by lifting a few of their number on to their shoulders, they can escort the light in lofty triumph into the village. First they go to the church and then to the different houses. As they enter the village, they sing a simple chant with great enthusiasm.

"Sabt in-noor wa ayyadua,
Zurna Kabir Seyyadua,
Seyyadua Easa l-Masseeh;
Ma Deen illa Deen In-Nasara."

"We have made a feast of the Saturday of the Light,
We have visited the tombs of our Master, who is Easa, the Christ;
There is no other save the Nazarite's religion."

Pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world are in Jerusalem; most of these are Russians in long boots and heavy fur clothing. Greek priests with their chimney-pot hats are seen all over the city, selling candles and souvenirs and extorting coins from the poor Russians, and by the time the pilgrims are ready to depart for the land of the Great Bear, these contemptible priests have stripped them of all their money and even the choice pieces of fur that make parts of their clothing. The priests remind me of a famous passage in Milton's "Lycidas" and Ruskin's graphic dissertation on it. These are Milton's lines:

"Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metal twain,
(The golden apes, the iron shuts amain),

He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake,
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest:
Blind mouth! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped:
And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.'"

If Milton could witness the atrocities done these poor Russians, he would have said more. When the robbery is complete, the Russian Consul is called upon to pay for the return passage of several thousand benighted pilgrims.

Of the Jews I shall not say much, only that they are wise and biding their time. Conditions not of the best are engendered among them, on account of the alms sent to them by their brethren from all over the world. In spite of their inferior position the wiliest of them manage to hold their own, as the following incident will show.

A certain Christian made his living by peddling olive oil to the Jews. He loaded his oil on his donkey in two "dhurfs," or sheepskins, fixed for the purpose. He was very arrogant, and often hurt the Jewish prejudices. They could do nothing to him, because his relatives were powerful and sure to cause trouble for the whole Jewish colony, in case anything befell him. One day one of their elders hailed him to his house, apparently to buy oil. The Christian brought his sheepskins of oil into the house. The Jew asked him to open one so that he could taste, and judge the quality of the oil. He tasted it,

and asked the man to hold the mouth of the dhurf with his hand. He then opened the other dhurf to taste its contents and asked the Christian again to hold the mouth of the second dhurf, while he went inside, apparently to get the money, as he seemed pleased with the oil. On his return, however, he had an ugly club, and a few other Jews with clubs were with him. The Jews had closed the doors to prevent interruption, and they proceeded to beat the Christian. He could not leave the dhurfs, because the oil would spill, and his loss would be great, so he was at their mercy. After the beating he was allowed to go, and he became a different man thereafter.

CHAPTER XII

REMINDERS OF BIBLE TIMES

PALESTINE is a veritable land of memories. It was the principal theatre of Biblical history. The old boundaries still limit it; it extends from Dan in the north to Beersheba in the south; from the Jordan on the east to the Great or Mediterranean Sea on the west. It has to-day the same mountains and hills, the same trees and plants, the same wild and domestic animals, that it had thousands of years ago. Even the people are the same to-day as they were in olden times. Civilization moves on with its inventions; literatures are made; conquerors come and go; the world is transformed; but Palestine never changes. The statement may be made that the Palestine of to-day is the same as the Palestine of two thousand years ago, and even

before. For this reason the study of Palestine is a recognized aid to the better understanding of the Bible.

Every saint may claim a shrine in Palestine, and then many will be left over for the non-saints. Such is the amazing number of holy places that tourists weary of looking at them and hearing stories about them. There are a few, however, which are exceedingly interesting, — spots venerated by devout Christians during many centuries, and consecrated by pious memories of many generations. And although indicated by tradition only, which in most cases cannot be precisely verified, and may even be rendered doubtful by scientific inquiry, these places still have a charm for us, for what spot in the little land could have escaped being hallowed by some incident, recorded or forgotten? Thus the country, the people, even the very atmosphere, remind us of Biblical things.

One of the most ancient of these places is Beyteen, or Bethel, only twelve miles

north of Jerusalem. From the surrounding heights of Bethel one sees the same view that Abraham and Lot saw, when they divided the pasture land between them. Near by is the fountain where the cattle of Abraham used to drink, and today shepherds may be seen there at noontime, leading their sheep to water. A shepherd draws the water in leather buckets and empties it into the "miki," a vessel made by carving a hole in a rock. The sheep drink and are satisfied. Then the thoughtful shepherd takes them to the moist valley, on the shady side of the mountain (Psalms xxiii), where he spends his time, and, incidentally, entertains his flock, playing on a reed flute. He carries a long oaken staff and a leather pouch, or "jirab."

At this very place Jacob dreamed of the ladder reaching heaven. Round the Dead Sea in the distance are traces of the sulphurous and bituminous elements which destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. A little

way from this same spot is Dothan, a little mound, where Joseph was sold by his brothers to the Arabian Caravan on its way to Egypt. Ai and Shiloh are only a few miles away. A few hours' ride from Bethel is Mizpah, on its commanding hill, where Saul was made king of Israel. Thus we find that, wherever we go, we behold places and scenes consecrated by the records of the Old Testament.

Places of the New Testament, too, may be identified and visited. First there is Nazareth with its fields, where Christ must have walked and played every day during his childhood. Then there are the places of his baptism by John and of his temptation. Nevertheless, the greatest help and inspiration are to be obtained from the study of the people and their customs.

A study of a man's work in the field is interesting, so let us accompany the farmer to the fields early in the morning. He has a little donkey loaded with the plow and the seed-bags, and when he reaches the

place where the plowing is to be done, he unloads the donkey, and turns him loose to feed on the grass. The men throw aside their "abi," or outer coats. Then, taking one of the bags, the sower scatters the seed broadcast by the handful, trying to spread it as evenly as possible. The oxen are now yoked to the plow, and the men begin (Matthew xiii: 3) turning the soil over in an effort to cover the seed. The plow used is a wooden affair, reënforced by a spike-like iron; it does not run deep, but merely scratches the surface. It may be the same as the implement used in Palestine in ancient years, for it is very primitive compared to the plow of the American farmer.

Methods of harvesting are also similar to those of Bible days, and the whole Book of Ruth may be seen reënacted in the fields, on any hot harvest day, as men and women wield their circular scythes among the stalks of the corn. One of the delicious eatables of harvesters is parched corn

HARVESTERS.

Harvest comes in the spring months; first the barley, then the wheat. Threshing the grain under the open sky and storing in bins keeps the people busy until late in June.

(wheat) (Ruth ii: 14 — Joshua v: 11). It is called "freekeh." Just before the kernel hardens, the ears of wheat are mixed with thin "natish," or brush, and burned. The fire thus obtained is not a hot one, and the wheat is smoked and slightly cooked. The husks are then rubbed from the kernel with the hands, and it is ready to eat. The fields are never harvested but once, and anything that may be left is free to any one who gathers it. Donkeys loaded, or rather, covered, with the sheaves, present a very amusing spectacle; only their hoofs and extremely long ears are left in sight.

The wheat, stalks and all, is taken to the threshing-floor, and there spread in a round bed, and the cattle, roughly shod, are driven over it. This process is continued until it is ground very fine; then it is thrown by crude wooden forks into the air. The wheat settles down, while the chaff is scattered. These are the same methods that were pursued in Bible times.

I have already described the mill, and how the women turn it to grind the wheat. When we think of mills as they are in America, we cannot see any meaning in Christ's lesson about the women at the mill. Think of two women turning a mill here! But, "One is taken, and the other is left," can happen in Palestine.

Another thing that throws a further sidelight on the Bible is the language and the terminology of the people. The language of the Bible, especially of its poets and prophets, abounds in figures of speech that may be understood only after an Oriental light is thrown upon them. In the Bible, for example, the name of one thing is often applied to another. The temple is called "Lebanon" (Zechariah xi:1), because it was built of cedar from the forest of Lebanon. Tribes go by the name of their ancestor: "Israel" and "Moab" may therefore be encountered in the Bible, sometimes meaning the man, sometimes meaning the tribe or nation. A testimony

is called " mouth " (Deuteronomy xvii: 6) and speech " tongue " (Proverbs xxv: 15). Wisdom and knowledge are called " stability " (Isaiah xxxiii: 6) because they produce it. Such cases are often repeated in Palestine idioms to-day, and a little study of them will dispel all chances of misinterpreting Bible words. A man in Palestine is often known by a surname which is really nothing but an adjective relating him to his town. Dar il-Ajlony, for instance, is a name of a family that originally came from Ajlone. A man may be called by his eldest son's name with the prefix " abu," father, often to the complete oblivion of his own name. Abu-Yacoub and Abu-Hanna are examples. Sometimes both of these methods may be used in naming a tribe or a family, as Dar Abu-Jugub.

A study of the Bible will also reveal a tendency, which is often misleading to Western nations, to use sweeping words instead of restricting ones. Thus " all "

is often used when "many" is meant (Matthew iii:5). The Roman Empire is spoken of as the world or earth (Luke ii:1). When "for a long time" is meant, "forever" is sometimes used (Daniel ii:4). God is represented as a father, with all the attributes of a human being. Such cases are very numerous in the Bible. In order fully to understand the reasons for these usages, one must study the workings of the peasant's brain and the psychology of his surroundings.

It is a surprise to know that God has over three hundred names in Arabic. The sword and the lion have also an amazing multiplicity of names. It is in the nature of the Oriental not to be exact in his words and definitions: when he says "rijil" (foot), he may also mean leg, or when he says "yad" (hand), he may include the arm. The Bible was written by men whose terminology did not differ, in essence, from that of the Palestine peasant of to-day. I could cite innumerable cases where one

word is used in place of another. Exaggeration is the chief note in Oriental literature. Its writers wander into the realms of magic and the impossible, and most Oriental works that have struck the Westerners' fancy, are of this kind. The "Arabian Nights," including the stories of "Sindbad the Sailor" and "Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp" are all fanciful descriptions of exaggerated circumstances.

Another thing that may help us to a better understanding of the Bible is the study of a peasant's mind in his relations to God. The Book of Job is a debate between Job and his three friends, — Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. The question debated is whether remarkable judgments or punishments are proof of the wickedness of those upon whom they are inflicted. Job is "not guilty," and tries to tell his friends so. But they take the affirmative side of the argument, and try to prove that Job must have sinned, else why all this punishment and extraordinary calamity.

Now this attitude of Job's friends is the exact belief of the peasant. I know of one family that had grossly wronged another mysteriously. Every one knew of their guilt, but they could not prove it, so they waited for God to prove it. Within six months the eldest son of the family died, and two years later another son died. The people took these calamities as signs of the family's guilt. This, in a measure, explains the incidents of the Bible in which punishment is meted out during the lifetime of the guilty one. Moses sinned, and the recorder of his life, as a warning against sin, concludes that God forbade him to see the Holy Land as a punishment. Because Saul terrorized David, he lost his mind, and later he forfeited his family's right to the kingship.

Sacrificial offerings are not practised today in Palestine, but devout persons voluntarily assign to God certain of their choice crops. I know of a father who, having had three baby boys die, one after the other,

vowed if the next baby should live, he would give a considerable amount of oil to be used for lighting purposes in the church. If a beloved son is extremely sick, the mother vows to burn a candle in front of some saint's picture in the church. Tenths or tithes are collected by the government, but these are by no means free-will offerings. However, an offering to implore mercies, or to ask deliverance from a peril, is no less common to-day in Palestine than it was in Bible times (Numbers xv: 1-16).

CHAPTER XIII

MY IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

I CAME to America because I was not satisfied in Palestine, and wanted to finish my studies. I have already shown that the schools in Palestine are not what they ought to be. I do not mean that the professors and teachers are not up to standard, for I am certain that they are. Some of them were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, some of American colleges, and they were well acquainted with their subjects too. The chief obstacle was the lack of text-books in the Arabic language. Consequently English books had to be used, and since our preparation in English had not been very great, we failed to get the results. It was an absurd state of affairs, and I followed the advice of the proverb, " Running away is two-thirds of

valor," and left after having spent only one year at the college in Jerusalem.

I had my first train ride on the trip to Jaffa, whence I embarked for Egypt, France, England, and eventually America. I landed in Philadelphia when I was exactly sixteen years old. My purpose was to go to school, but not having the funds, I had to wait. After working one year, I entered a leading preparatory school in the State of Maine.

My studies there were much easier than play, although at one time I "carried" twenty-seven points. I enjoyed American teaching methods; the system is regular and suitable for the average boy. One thing that noticeably bothered me for a time, however, was working under women teachers; I was not used to it, and did not like it at first.

At school the game that interested me most was football. I played both at preparatory school and at college in this country, and I think it is the best athletic sport

ever invented. It is a good man's game, where brain and brawn combine to produce the most thrilling feeling possible outside of actual warfare. I shall try to introduce it in Palestine.

I enjoyed track and field work, too. Running was no new thing to me. Many were the times at home that I had been chased, even for miles, by some "enemy." Everything that savored of competition was my hobby. Even debating at the Literary Society interested me, since Oak Grove, an ideal school, had a good debating club.

In the winter I indulged in coasting, and to leave nothing untried, I put on a pair of skates, and went to the river for skating. This was the hardest thing to master, almost harder than the ice, which, I had concrete reasons to find, was extremely hard. Forests and woods in their wild condition were new to me, and many are the miles I have walked, knee-deep in the snow, through the dense Maine woods. American life fascinates me.

Although it came a little bit harder than at school, college football was none the less enjoyable for me. I also liked to watch baseball and football. It seems to me that baseball is the American game: not only on the field, but in all their dealing, do the Americans play baseball. They have a highly developed system of opportunism. If a man is " there with the hit," he gets what he is after. But he must also be in time to score. This is American life.

It seems to me that this kind of life would be extremely desirable, if it did not tend to develop a few " grandstand " stars who play the leading rôles in this country's arena. It is a great country. It is a miracle. But look at the brainy few who manipulate its millions, too few, almost, for the comfort of the other actors and builders in this nation. Its politics impressed me much the same as a ball game. For it is an advertising game: not what an official does, but what he makes the people think he does, gets the credit and

the vote. This is not said in the spirit of criticism; there are enough muckrakers to tear a candidate's records to pieces, and to get at the truth. I am merely stating an impression. Good men, with good intentions and sound minds, founded this country on solid principles, and there is not, or need not be, any doubt but that the nation will ultimately approach the ideal.

THE END.

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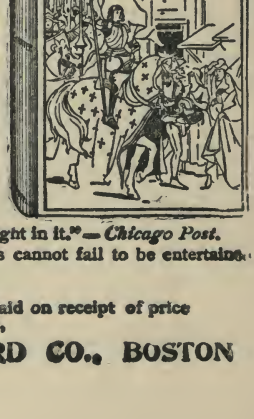

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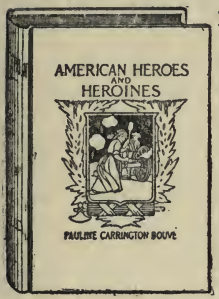

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